

BY THE  
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# Richie Rich

THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

HARVEY  
COMICS

JULY No. 83



12¢



# Richie Rich

THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

REMEMBER, YOUNG FRIENDS- MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED!

WELL, I WAS ABOUT TO BUY YOU A SODA, GLORIA-BUT I GUESS I WON'T!

I'M NOT THIRSTY ANYWAY-



THE END

RICHE RICH JULY, 1969, VOLUME 1, NUMBER 51, IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by HARVEY PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Sparta, Ill. Editorial, Adver-

tising and Executive Offices: 1300 Broadway, New York, 10018, N.Y.

President, Alfred Harvey; Vice-President and Editor, Leon Harvey;

Vice-President and Business Manager, Robert B. Harvey; Second-

Class Postage Paid at Sparta, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1973.

Subscription rates, 10 issues for \$1.50. U.S. and possessions only.

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# Richie Rich IN POOR SHOWING

THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY



RICHIE, MEET MY COUSIN JUNE!

DELIGHTED TO  
MEET YOU, JUNE!  
WELL, LET'S GET  
STARTED! A SHOW  
FIRST, THEN  
DINNER!

GREAT!  
LET'S  
GO!



WHERE'S YOUR CAR?  
I'LL BET IT'S ONE OF  
THOSE SPORTY,  
FOREIGN JOBS!



WELL—AS A MATTER  
OF FACT, WE'RE  
GOING TO WALK!

WALK?!



WALKING IS  
GOOD FOR  
YOUR HEALTH!

-HMM-



THIS IS ONE TIME SHE  
WON'T BE ABLE TO SAY  
I'M SHOWING OFF  
MY WEALTH!



HERE WE ARE, LADIES—  
LORRAINE DE LILLE!

OH, WONDERFUL!  
ONLY THE MOST  
FASHIONABLE  
FASHION SHOW  
IN TOWN, FEATURING  
CLOTHES FOR KIDS—  
ER—YOUNG  
PEOPLE!



Lorraine De Lille  
Fashion Salon



I'VE NEVER DEMONSTRATED TO GLORIA THAT I HAVE THIS MUCH WILL POWER ABOUT NOT SPENDING MONEY! I HOPE SHE'S IMPRESSED!

I HAD TO OPEN MY BIG MOUTH ABOUT HOW GENEROUS RICHIE IS! JUNE WON'T STOP LAUGHING AT ME IF HE DOESN'T SPEND SOME MONEY SOON!



IF GLORIA KNEW I DONATED  
THE FUNDS FOR THIS LUNCH,  
IT'D SPOIL MY DAY!

YOU GIRLS GET  
ANYTHING YOU  
WANT! I'M A  
MEMBER IN  
GOOD STANDING!

HMM-

LET'S GO, GLORIA-  
I'VE HAD ENOUGH!



ENOUGH? BUT  
NEITHER OF YOU  
HAD A THING!

WELL, IF YOU  
INSIST ON  
GOING HOME  
NOW, LET'S  
WALK THIS  
WAY- IT'S  
SHORTER!

WE'RE NOT  
WALKING HOME-  
WE'RE RIDING!



W-WELL, WE  
COULD TAKE  
A TAXI IF YOU'LL  
LEND ME  
THE FARE!

LISTEN! I'LL NEVER BE SEEN RIDING  
OR WALKING WITH YOU EVER  
AGAIN! CHEAPSKEAT!  
CHEAPSKEAT!



-BUT I DID  
EVERYTHING  
RIGHT! I KNOW  
I DID!

I DID!

I DIDN'T SPEND  
A PENNY! SO  
WHY IS SHE  
ANGRY?

WHY? WHY?



THE  
END

# Little Lotta



# Little Lotta

GEE! HERE'S A  
WONDERFUL CHANCE  
TO PUT ONE  
OVER ON  
LOTTA!

MY MOTHER  
WARNED ME  
SHE'D GIVE ME  
A FLOGGING IF  
I EVER PESTER  
LOTTA AGAIN!  
...BUT MOM'S  
NOT HOME...

OUCH!

PING!

I SAW YOU DO  
THAT, GARY!

OPEN UP!

WHAM!

GEE! HOW CAN I  
EVER TELL HIS  
MOTHER ABOUT THIS?  
I COULD NEVER  
MAKE HER  
UNDERSTAND  
WHAT  
HAPPENED!

GEE! HOW CAN I EVER  
MAKE MOM UNDERSTAND  
ABOUT THIS? I CAN  
NEVER TELL HER!

# Richie Rich<sup>TM</sup>

## THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

### Don't Look at Me Like That!

YES, RICHIE, SOME OF THESE DEVICES WERE ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED BY MY SCIENTISTS WHILE THEY WERE WORKING ON PEACEFUL PROJECTS!

WHAT'S THAT ONE, DAD?



THAT ONE WE CALL A PERSECUTION RAY... IT WILL MAKE A PERSON FEEL HE'S BEING HATED!

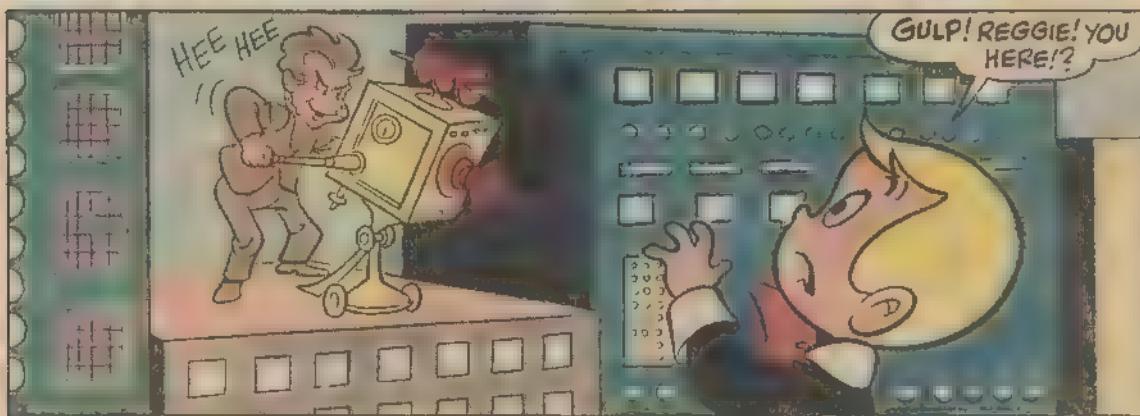
BOY! I'D LIKE TO TRY THAT ON MY DEAR COUSIN RICHIE!



I'D SURE HATE TO BE HATED!

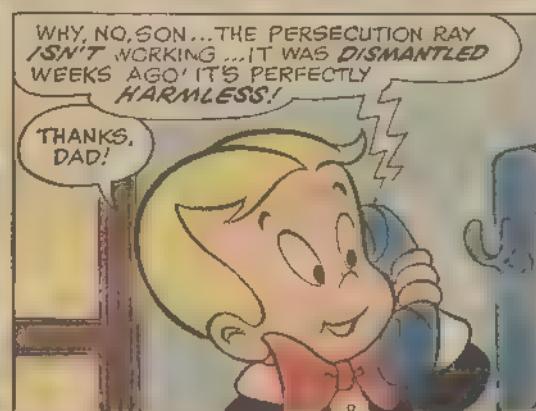
YEP! THERE'S A SWITCH ON IT!











The END

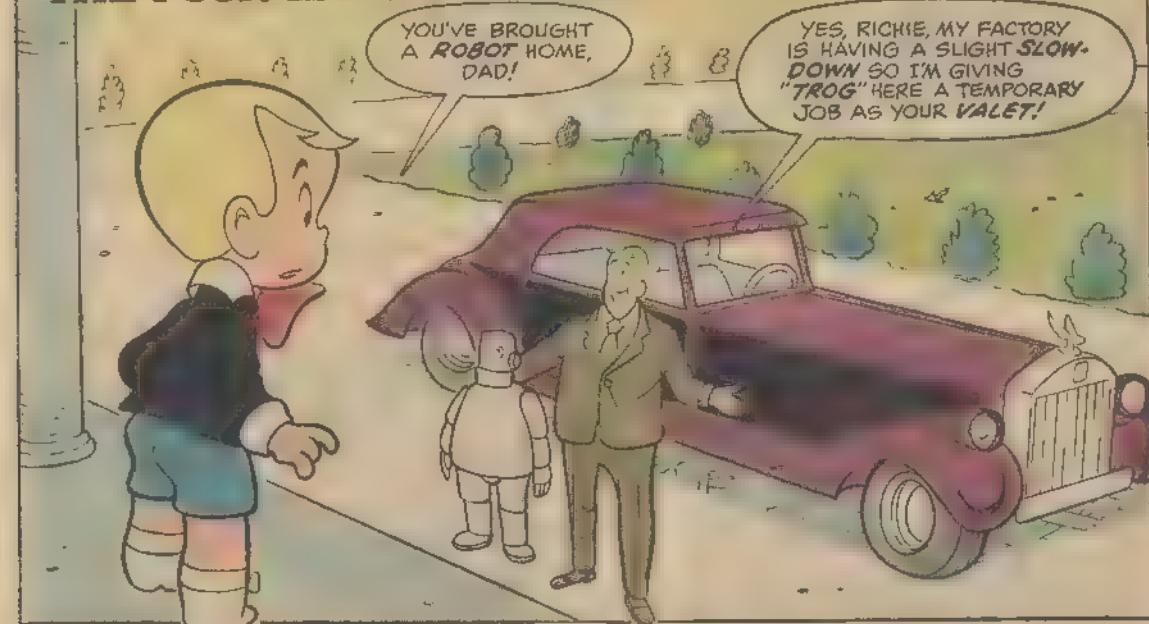
# Richie Rich

## THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

### MONKEYING WITH ROBOTS

YOU'VE BROUGHT  
A ROBOT HOME,  
DAD!

YES, RICHIE, MY FACTORY  
IS HAVING A SLIGHT SLOW-  
DOWN SO I'M GIVING  
"TROG" HERE A TEMPORARY  
JOB AS YOUR VALET!

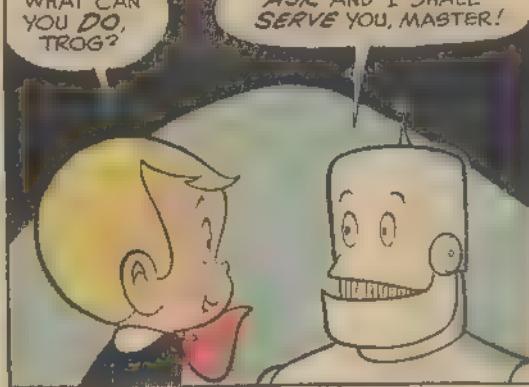


TRY HIM  
OUT!

GEE, I DON'T NEED A  
VALET EVEN A ROBOT  
SERVANT! BUT...OH,  
WELL...

WHAT CAN  
YOU DO,  
TROG?

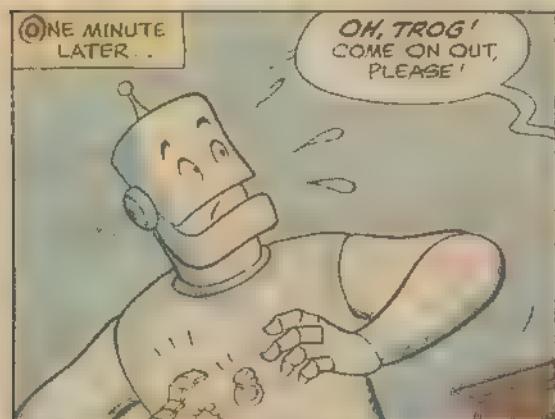
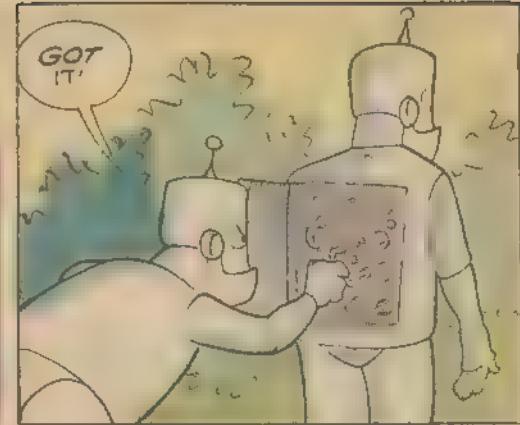
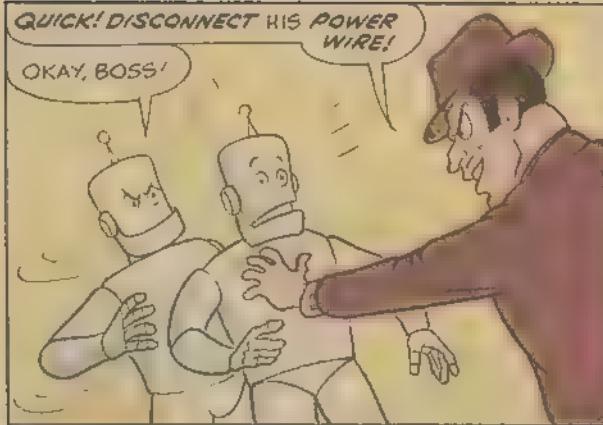
ASK AND I SHALL  
SERVE YOU, MASTER!

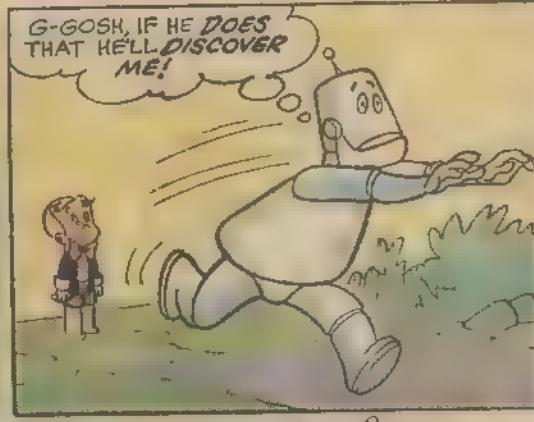
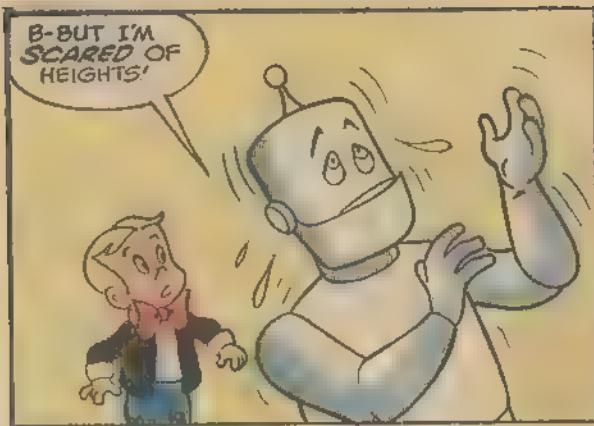


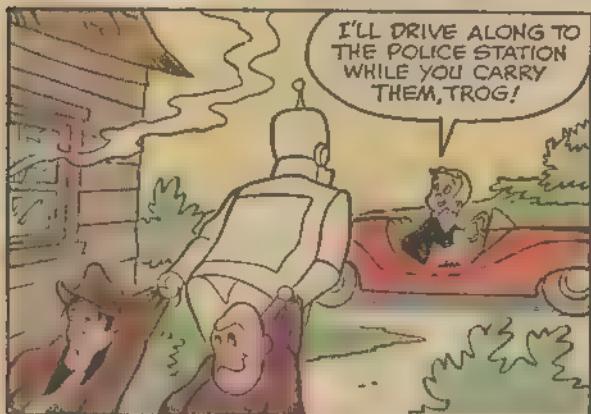
I SHALL PRESS YOUR CLOTHES...  
SHINE YOUR SHOES... PLAY  
GAMES WITH YOU...











**RICHIE** presents

# SNORKEL

Snorkel was a shark . . . a big, unfortunately ugly and ferocious-looking shark. And the reason it was unfortunate was because Snorkel wasn't really ferocious at all. On the contrary, he was a kindly, gentle soul who wanted more than anything else in the world to be friends with all the other fish in the sea.

But everywhere he went, it was the same story. "Hello," Snorkel would smile at a school of minnows.

Poor Snorkel. It wasn't *his* fault that his smile revealed a set of sharp, jagged teeth that could scare the wits out of the most stout-hearted of minnows.

Or . . . "Hello," Snorkel would call, swimming up to a group of lazing swordfish.

And . . . "Aiiieeeee!" the swordfish would yelp. And *swish*, they'd be gone, their sharp noses knifing through the water to clear the way for their escape.

Poor Snorkel. It wasn't *his* fault that when he swam his body plowed through the waves like an armored tank, ready to rip apart even the sharpest swords among the swordfish.

approached them, they fled in fear . . . leaving the unhappy shark just as alone and lonely as ever.

"What am I going to do?" he wondered in despair. "Won't I ever find someone to talk to me . . . or play with me . . . or love me?"

But there was no answer to his questions . . . and no one to whom he could go for advice and guidance. Not when everybody ran away at the mere sight of him! So day after lonesome day, Snorkel roamed the ocean alone, always searching . . . and never finding. There was so much kindness, so much love in his heart . . . that no one wanted . . . that sometimes he thought it would burst.

And then one day Snorkel was captured! At first, he didn't know what was happening to him. But he was frightened, and he fought wildly against the powerful nets that engulfed him. His huge body lashed the water into a raging fury . . . but the nets held. Then he could hear the excited voices of the men who were hauling him in, and he realized the terrible truth. He was caught . . . trapped . . . probably doomed to death!

But no! He wasn't harmed at all! Instead, his captors took him to a big city aquarium . . . where hundreds of other fish lived and played in the sheltered protection of great glass tanks. Safe behind their walls of glass, they waved and smiled to the big shark. And so did the thousands of boys and girls who came each day to the aquarium to see him. Disaster had turned into success! Snorkel's dreams had come true! And at last he was a *happy shark!*

## CASPER, THE FRIENDLY GHOST



**RICHIE** presents

# BOY, OH BOY

Private Desmond Domar was having the perfect furlough . . . for Private Desmond Domar. He was resting, taking things calmly, and at the present time was taking a leisurely walk through the park.

He didn't have a care in the world, and for the first time since his last furlough, he was really enjoying the world. He happily viewed the sunshining sky, and . . .

"Ouch!" screamed Desmond suddenly. He was brought back to earth with a bang — a bang on his foot!

A little boy had dashed by him and slammed down with all his might on the top of Desmond's foot.

"Catch that boy!" a woman now shrieked.

Desmond took off like a streak, as if the woman's voice was his sergeant's. He quickly caught the little boy, who looked like a five year old, but who had the strength of an M-1 rifle.

"Hold on, young fellow," said Desmond. "I think your mother's calling you."

"Leave me alone! Leave me alone!" was the boy's answer. And he underlined it with a swift kick in Desmond's shins.

Before Desmond could finish his "Ouch!" the boy's mother arrived on the scene.

"Oh, thank you, Private, thank you," she said. "That son of mine sure is a problem."

Desmond nodded, and was all set to

## SAD SACK



leave, when the woman asked, "Would you give me a little help with him, sir? Would you help me take him out of the park?"

It must have been the "sir" that won over Desmond. Any other reason would be crazy. So with a forced smile, he accepted his new role as an MP to a problem child.

Desmond was more than just helping the boy's mother. She turned the entire project over to Desmond . . . gladly. And the project quickly turned up his heels. He kicked, he bit, he punched, he pinched. And Desmond was quickly becoming a patchwork of black and blue marks. The boy's mother, meanwhile, just stared ahead and walked on silently.

Desmond was willing to accept these atrocities, until the little boy finally hauled off and whacked him in the eye.

"This is the limit!" said Desmond, and proceeded to slap the boy's backside.

"What are you doing?!" shouted the mother, suddenly coming alive. Then she proceeded to throw punches at Desmond. And if the boy was an M-1, she was a machine gun.

Her arms finally tired, she cuddled the boy to her and said, "Let's get away from this terrible man! He's a disgrace to his uniform!"

As Desmond picked himself off the ground, he heard the woman's voice trail away with, "I'm going to write Washington about this!"

Desmond hoped she would as he walked away. He figured he'd finally get a Purple Heart.



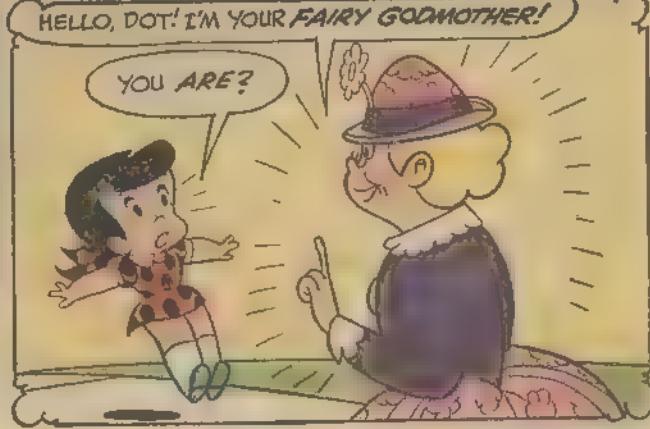
# Stumble DOT IN THE DOTIFIER

FOR CORN SAKE'S!  
THE NERVE OF "ZIPPIES"!  
USING SQUARES IN  
THEIR ADS!



SOON... NO ONE SHOULD USE A  
SQUARE WHEN THEY CAN  
USE A DOT!

HELLO, DOT! I'M YOUR FAIRY GODMOTHER!



I SHALL GRANT YOU THE  
POWER TO MAKE ANYTHING  
TURN INTO A DOT BY MERELY  
POINTING AT IT!

YOU WILL?!



WOW! THAT'S WHAT IT IS WITH  
FAIRY GODMOTHERS! ONE MOMENT  
THEY'RE HERE—THE NEXT, THEY'RE  
GONE!



SAY, THERE'S THAT SAME  
"ZIPPIES" AD ON THE BILLBOARD  
WITH THE SAME SQUARES!



DRINK  
ZIPPIES!



BECOME ROUND, YOU  
SQUARE SQUARES!



DRINK  
ZIPPIES!

PING!



360 DEGREES OF PROPERLY-  
SHAPED DOTS! HAW! HAW!



UH-OH! THERE'S A "ZIPPIES" TRUCK  
WITH THE SAME SQUARES!



I'M GOING TO TEACH THAT COMPANY  
NOT TO DISRESPECT DOTS!



PING!

